



## Bad Dreams are Made of this by lucifersden

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Alive Georgie Denbrough, Asexual Beverly Marsh, Asexual Character, Asexual Jonathan Byers, Attempted Rape/Non-Con, Bisexual Bill Denbrough, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Bowers Gang - Freeform, F/M, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Stanley Uris, Im trying my best, M/M, Multi, OT3, OT4, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Polyamory, Richie Tozier is a Little Shit, Threats of Rape/Non-Con, Threats of Violence, alive Henry Bowers, alive Patrick Hockstetter, bill/stan/richie/eddie, came up with it one night, honestly dont know what this is, jonathan and beverly bond, will/mike/eleven

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven (Stranger Things), Georgie Denbrough, Henry Bowers, Jonathan Byers, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Bill Denbrough/Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier/Stanley Uris, Mike Hanlon/Ben Hanscom, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers/Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

So basically the gang starts having weirdly realistic dreams. Mike keeps hearing the name Richie, "I'm not Richie", and wonders who he is and why he is connected to this boy. Will worries when Eleven doesn't show up for their date. When Mike voices his concern about his dreams he finds he isn't the only one. Meanwhile Richie and the losers are dealing with their own stuff after Pennywise.

EVERYONE THAT DIED IN THE MOVIE LIVES (only Georgie and Henry and Patrick)

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

Henry never attacked them when they first entered the house. Also please comment below and tell me what you think!

## Derry Maine

"Ge-Georgie?" Bill's stuttering voice came from the group hug he was in. He looked behind Mike's head seeing the boy floating from the ground. His friends released him, but Richie stayed close with the bat still in hand. "Georgie." He ran over to his little brother's body. Beverly ran to his side as soon as he had grabbed his little brother. She moved her hand to the boy's neck feeling.

"He's alive." Beverly gasped out. Bill looked at her with wide eyes. Stan ran to the other side pressing his ear to the smaller one's chest.

"She's right." Stan said. He glanced over the boy. His yellow raincoat was torn and covered in blood. His arm was still there, though. 'Pennywise made us think he tore him apart.' The boy was clutching a bat in his hand that was stretched out. "We-we need to get him to a hospital Bill." Bill nodded looking up at the other. Richie tapped Bill's shoulder causing him to look up. The three on the ground looked over to where Ben was holding Betty Ripsom, well half of her. The girl's legs were missing and she was bleeding, but her eyes were open. Her mouth moving slightly. Bill laid his brother down then the four running over to the rest of their friends.

"And tell my mom I'm sorry." Betty's voice was weak, very weak, she could barely keep her eyes open.

"Hey you'll be okay." Ben told the girl. Mike looked to his friends asking what they should do.

"I didn't mean too. He told me he was helping." Everyone knew the rumors. The rumors that Henry Bowers and his gang had raped the girl, the rumors that her father done the same. Beverly knew all too well about the rumors, she had rumors too. The boy's knew about them, but they didn't care though. She was still their friend, their family. Beverly dropped to her knees next to the girl.

"I didn't believe them, not a single one Betty." Beverly said, tears had managed to collect in her eyes. "I believe you."

"I know." The girl reached out touching the others face, she smiled. Her smile dropped with her arm falling. Beverly touched her face feeling the blood that was left. She cried with Mike running over hugging her. He pulled the girl into his shoulder looking at Ben. He reached his hand out to grab Ben's he mouthed a 'I love you' before whispering to calm the girl down.

"Holy shit." Eddie whispered out loud enough for the boys to hear him. "Patrick Hockstetter." Richie ran to the boys side looking where he was pointing. Sure enough there the older boy was. Leaning against the pile in the middle of the room he clutched his side looking around. He gaze seemed to land on the boy in the raincoat, not noticing the Losers. Bill ran over to his brother startling the other. Eddie and Richie ran over to their boyfriend's side. Stan stayed with Ben, but still staring.

"W-what's happening?" Patrick asked. He started coughing, black

gunk coming from his mouth. Even though every bone in his body screamed for him not to move, to stay next to Ben, he moved. He slowly approached the boy.

"Stan don't." Richie warned, he grabbed the bat.

"It's okay Richie." Stan said smiling towards the younger, despite having blood pouring out from the wounds on his head. "You don't remember do you?" Patrick was kneeling on the ground holding himself up with one hand and clutching his mouth with the other. He shook his head. "What do you remember?"

"Z-zombies." Patrick said coughing some more.

"Zombies?"

"In the tunnels." He had managed to calm it, still gasping for air. "I was looking for him, Henry said he wanted to finish what he got started. Wouldn't leave until he did. I couldn't find my way out. Then this balloon- the god damn balloon- came from no where. It popped and then zombies. Betty and other kids where there, their faces was messed up. That's it."

"We have to get G-G-Georgie to a hospital." Bill said, Richie helping the boy shift his brother in his arms.

"We'll explain on the way." Mike said. Beverly and Ben where holding onto each other while they walked in the lead. Mike went and helped

Stan to move Patrick, both having one of his arms over their shoulders. Bill and Richie walked side by side, not daring any space between them. Eddie knew what it was about, he knew that if the two got separated and if Pennywise wasn't dead he would be after Richie. The signs showed for that. Eddie was walking in front of Mike and Stan, but kept glancing back. "There was a clown." Mike looked to his friends to make sure it was okay. "IT was it's name or Pennywise. He lives off the fear of children and eats their flesh."

"Your brother. He's been gone awhile now." Patrick said, he was staring at Bill's head.

"He's not dead." Bill said. "A-and I-I'm not letting you do an-anything."

"Relax stutters." He noticed the girl walking in the front of the group. "Hey Beverly."

"Don't talk to her asshole." Richie said turning around. "I done hit one motherfucker with this bat don't make me make it two."

"I was going to apologize. I know Henry starts shit that didn't happen. Belch is really the only one who believed it. Victor and I didn't though. Actually Victor was the one who figured you would come friends with these Losers."

"These losers are my friends." Beverly said, they had all paused in the walking. "If you knew it was a lie why didn't you say anything."

"I didn't say anything because I didn't want him to fucking kill me or my mom. I know I'm a jackass but that woman raised me and I didn't want anything happening to her."

"My dad." The boy looked at the girl. "He was right about my dad, except I didn't want it."

"I didn't know. You know Victor told me that before Bowers started following him around he wanted to be friends with you guys."

"He's the only one who doesn't attack us." Eddie said.

"He's more of a background type." Ben added in. The losers were now looking at the older one. Things were silent with them just not knowing what to do or say. A small cough drew their attention.

"B-Bill?" Georgie's small voice came from his older brother's arms.

"Yeah it's m-me." Bill smiled down at his brother. Georgie smiled back. "I've m-m-missed you."

"Me too."

"We are going to get you help." Richie said from his spot next to Bill.



"Richie?"

"Yeah kid." He smiled at him, dropping the tough persona he was always putting up. Eddie went over to him.

"Come on guys we have to hurry." Eddie said rubbing Richie's shoulder. They started walking again and got to the small tunnel that lead to their rope. "Who's going first?" Mike sighed dropping Patrick's arm.

"Hey thanks for this." Patrick said before Mike could start climbing. "I know you could have left me, thanks."

"We aren't like you and your friends." Mike told him before grabbing the rope and climbing up. Stan climbed it second with Mike helping him up at the top. Patrick was next.

"Here." Beverly said. She grabbed Georgie's arms and wrapped them around his brothers neck. He was now on his back. "Georgie you'll have to hold on okay?" The boy nodded.

"Wait." Eddie said. He motioned for Richie to take the flannel he was wearing off. "I know you can't hold on that tightly so I'll tie this around your hands to help okay?" The boy nodded. Eddie grabbed the small hands in his own wrapping the flannel around them. He tied it a little tight as Bill grabbed the rope.

"R-ready Georgie?" Bill asked, he felt his brother nod. Bill slowly

made his way up the rope checking on his brother. Beverly smiled at Richie and Eddie before following Ben up the rope. Eddie grabbed the rope turning around grabbing the collar of Richie's shirt. He pulled him closer smashing their lips together.

"I'm glad you didn't die." He mumbled against the boys lips.

"You smell like shit." Richie smiled. Eddie rolled his eyes climbing up the rope. Once the other was up Richie grabbed the end.

*"Beep beep Richie."* It came like a breeze from outside, he shivered climbing up the rope. Mike had his hand over the edge helping pull the boy up.

"Alright guys lets get to the hospital." Ben said, Bill had shifted Georgie back into his arms. Stan was still supporting most of Patrick's weigh. They nodded with Mike leading. He got to the front door and opened it. Before Beverly could even step out the door Mike was pushed to the ground. Henry appeared in the doorway, his face was covered in blood. He smiled at them before flipping his switchblade.

"Shit." Patrick pushed off of Stan and grabbed Henry's shoulder. "What are you doing?"

"I gotta end it." Henry said trying to go to Mike. Ben and Beverly were helping to boy up so if they had to run.

"End what?"

"I killed my dad. I done it. If I let these little shits go then everyone will know. It'll be the end of me." Henry turned and tried to grab at Ben. Patrick pulled him back.

"They didn't even know about that. Did you?" He turned around asking Bill, they shook their heads. Henry had grabbed Beverly's wrist, Patrick grabbed him and punched the boy. "You need to get out of here now."

"He'll kill you." Stan said as the other boys walked around the two.

"I've dealt with him long enough. If he kills me it'll at least make up for all the things that I've done." Henry had pulled the blade out before stabbing it into Patrick's leg. The boy grabbed his leg looking at the teens. "Leave now." He kicked the other one in the face.

"We have to leave now." Beverly said as Georgie started coughing again. Bill hated to admit it but they had to leave. Richie grabbed his wrist pulling him out. They were all on the fence about leaving the older boy, he was a terrible person but he was helping when he didn't have too. They finally made it to the hospital with Bill passing his brother to a nurse. The doctors had looked at the boy weirdly bringing the boy in, he has been missing for so long how did they find him. Stan grabbed Eddie's hand leading the boy to the bathroom to help clean him off. Richie was mumbling 'he will be alright' to Bill over and over. Ben and Mike sat beside them checking on each other. Beverly looked down at her blood covered wrist where Henry had grabbed her. She wanted to cry. She told Betty she would be okay, she told her that she didn't believe any of the rumors. She wanted to girl to be okay to go back to her mother and father, to go to a place you could actually call home. She sighed and looked back to the

boys, her boys. She smiled and realized, you don't have to have a house to call home. She had these boys, the losers, and that's all she needed.

## **2. Chapter 2**

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

So this chapter will have some homophobic slurs in it. This is just a warning!

### **Hawkins Indiana**

Will smiled at Mike while holding El's hand. Mike looked at the two, they had asked to meet him. He thought that maybe it was a surprise. El looked at Mike before smiling. She then looked to Will.

"You should tell him." El's voice said, it sounded like it was caught in the distance. Like a windstorm was draining her voice and making it disappear.

"Mike, we need to talk." Will's voice sounded the same way. Mike ignored it, though it wasn't windy and the weather was quite calm. "We don't want to be with you anymore." Mike's smile dropped, he stared at the ground.

"W-why? What did I do?" Mike asked, the tears started collecting in his eyes. "Can I change your minds? Please I don't know what I would do with out you."

"I just realized I wasn't into guys anymore." Mike felt a hand on his shoulder, it felt like it was pressing into him. "I'm not a fag." A pain. That's what Mike felt. A blinding pain, one strong enough to cause him to fall to the ground. He cried out as another hand wrapped around his neck, like a hug but tighter. He couldn't breathe.

"I felt sorry for you, that's the only reason I ever dated you." El said, her voice didn't sound like her. Her arms tightened around Mike's neck.

"El, I can't breathe." Mike said. He was kicking his feet against the ground as he felt like he was being pulled backwards. He looked at Will, the boy was standing beside someone. They were tall, Mike couldn't see the person's face, but he could see Will's. Blood pored down from his eyes and ears.

"We don't love you anymore." The two said. Eleven was standing next to Will. She started coughing up blood and it splattered across the ground. A laughter surrounded him, but he couldn't focus his air was being cut off and he felt hands all over his body. He wanted to scream, scream for Nancy or Steve to help him, but he couldn't.

"Boo." A voice whispered next to his ear, suddenly he could move again. Mike screamed and backed away from the...man? Mike was confused. It was a clown, half the head was missing and he looked to be in rough shape. "Didn't think I would find you huh? Well Richie I found ya! And I'll always find you! Don't try to run because I'm coming. When I get my hands on you, you'll regret ever being born."

"I-I'm not Richie." Mike could barely get his words out. Whoever this Richie guy was, he wasn't him. He didn't want to be him.

"What was that Richie?" The clown smiled, tentacles came from where his arms once were and wrapped around Will and El's neck. The two were hanging in the air, blood dripping.

"I'm not Richie! Whoever he is, I'm not him!"

"Lying is bad Richie." The tentacles moved a two short screams filled the air. Mike looked over just in time to see Will's head roll to his feet. He paled looking and seeing the two bodies of his lovers. They both were decapitated, El's head practically bounced off the ground. The clown had began laughing while Mike cried, he screamed, he punched the ground. He done everything but stayed quiet. Mike felt a pain in his chest. He slowly looked down black filling his vision. Through the blurriness he saw a hand through his chest. "Beep beep Richie." The hand squeezed his heart until it popped. Mike's vision died as he felt a scream leave his throat.

"Mike wake up!" Will shouted shaking the boy awake. Mike popped up out of bed, one glance to the boy and he fell out of the bed. Mike backed away from the bed and into a pair of legs. He got up and ran to his closet door.

"Stay away from me!" Mike shouted once seeing El trying to walk to him. He saw Nancy's concern look from the doorway. "W-what's happening?"

"You started screaming in your sleep." Nancy said.

"I'm sorry Mike I was just trying to help." Will told him looking down to the ground. Mike breathing was still uneven.

"Mike calm down." Eleven smooth voice came from in front of him.

She stayed in her spot. Mike closed his eyes, that was the voice of his girlfriend. The voice he knew and loved. It was just a dream, a terrible horrifying dream. "You'll have a panic attack."

"Please sit down." Will walked over to him standing next to El. "I'll stay away I promise."

"No." Mike managed to get out. He ran to the two hugging them, he let his tears fall freely at this point. "Please be real."

"What did you dream about?" Nancy asked. She walked over hugging her brother from the other side.

"I-I don't want to talk about it."

"Alright. You sit down and I'll bring you a cup of water." The older girl left the room as El lead the boy over to the bed. Will sat in the floor laying his chin on the others knee.

"Was it about the upside down?" El asked. Mike shook his head.

"Tell me the truth." Mike said running his hand over El's. "Do you both love me?"

"Of course we do." Will said. "Is this about your dream?"



"Are you going to call me a fag?"

"Mike I love you." He stood up sitting next to the other boy. He grabbed the other boys hand. "I love you and I love El. You both are apart of me now. Why would I call you that?"

"It's just my dream. You said I was a fag and you were leaving me for El." He looked at the girl next to him. "You said you were only with me because you felt sorry for me."

"If anything you feel sorry for me." El said. She hugged Mike. "I could never hate you, you saved me."

"Here you go Mike." Nancy said handing her brother the glass of water. "Mom and dad wanted to come in here but I told them I was handling it." She walked over to the three on the bed and sat on the floor. "Steve thought you were being attacked, he wanted to bring the bat in here."

"Tell him I said thank you." Mike smiled down at his sister.

"Are you feeling better now?"

"Somewhat."

"I'm going to go tell him you're alright. If you need help let me know." The boy nodded as she closed the door.

"Can I sleep in here?" El asked. "I want to be with you."

"That's fine." Mike said. Will moved on the bed to lay down, Mike joined him with El laying next to him.

"Wake us up if you have another bad dream." Will said. Mike nodded against his forehead. "Goodnight."

"Night."

"*Goodnight Richie.*" Mike opened his eyes looking around, he squeezed his eyes shut.

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Summary for the Chapter:

Warning for this chapter EDDIE'S MOM IS NOT FRIENDLY AT ALL. She should be her own warning.

#### Derry Maine

"Stan and Eddie are taking a long time in the bathroom huh?" Beverly asked, Richie made a blowjob signal to Bill causing him to slap at the boy. "Maybe someone should go check on them."

"I'll go." Richie said. "If I'm not back don't come checking." He winked at them heading to the bathroom down the hall. Once he was out of sight from the others he pushed the bathroom door open. He smirked closing it back. "Guys seriously lock the door." Stan pulled away from Eddie, the smaller was sitting on the sink counter. Stan blushed, groaning he turned away.

"I thought you were someone else." Eddie said, a hand on his chest.

"Lock the door." Richie smirked at him. "I wanna kiss too." He walked over kissing Eddie's cheek before leaping at Stan. The taller one caught half of Richie before his back hit the bathroom stall door.

"Richie warn someone." Stan said sitting the glasses wearing boy on the ground.

"I did." He lent up kissing the boy on the side of his mouth. "Beverly said you guys were talking too long. Eddie you look clean enough, until we can get you home." Richie winked opening the bathroom door. Eddie groaned hopping off the sink pushing the other. Stan followed, he had washed the blood off of his face by now but there was still blood. They got back out to their friends.

"Stan your head is bleeding still." Ben said, he called for a nurse to come over. She took him to a room to see if he was needing stitches. Eddie walked over sitting next to Bill, the taller put a hand on his back. They knew how their town was to same sex couples, especially if more than one person was involved in the relationship. Bill didn't care though. He loved Richie, Eddie, and Stan all the same. Just like how they all loved each other the same way. They didn't care what the other people said about them as long as they could protect one another. Eddie looked at the boy.

"Did they say anything about Georgie yet?" Eddie asked. Richie sat on Bill's other side.

"Not y-y-yet." Bill told him.

"We will soon." Mike said.

"Mr. Denbrough, you can come see your brother. Your parents have been contacted." A doctor said coming into the waiting room. Eddie and Richie both stood up to go with him, the doctor stopped them. "Only family."

"I-I-I'll be back." Bill smiled at them. The two nodded sitting back

down. Bill walked down the hospital, he could feel the doctor's stare every time he turned around. The doctor stopped him opening up a door.

"Bill!" Georgie's voice came. It was weak but not as weak as it had been. His arm was wrapped in a cast and a sling held it in place. Bill walked closer as the doctor shut the door. He moved the covered back seeing that Georgie had bandages wrapped around them. One knee was wrapped and the other leg was wrapped from the knee down. "Is he dead?" Bill nodded.

"He can't h-hurt you anym-m-more."

"Good." He hugged the older one. "I missed you so much and mommy and daddy, but mainly you." Bill held back his tears while squeezing the younger.

"I did too. G-G-Georgie, your legs?" He didn't need to finish his sentence. Bill knew his brother knew his question.

"They aren't broken. The doctors said were I lost so much blood and had big cuts on my legs they had to stitch some places. They didn't want me messing with them so they wrapped them." Bill was sad, how could his brother smile after being hurt. He couldn't even smile when he thought his brother was dead. The door slammed open, both flinching.

"My baby!" Their mother ran forward. She pulled Bill off of the boy and pushed him out of the way. His dad grabbed his shoulders pushing him again walking over to the bed. He couldn't understand

how his parents could act this way, they were the ones telling him to forget and to give up. He knew this was just a act and once the doctor left they would scream at the younger. "Where have you been?!"

"M-m-mom." Bill reached his hand out to Georgie.

"Bill go to your friends." Their dad said. Bill didn't want to leave, but he knew if he didn't his dad would more than likely hit him. He looked at Georgie, he wanted him to know he didn't want to leave. The younger one nodded at him as he left. He went back out to the lobby. Mike and Ben weren't there anymore and Beverly was pacing around.

"What'd they say?" Beverly asked once seeing the boy. The other two boys hopped up.

"W-where's Ben and M-Mike?"

"Ben's mom came and picked him up. She took Mike home." Eddie said.

"Ge-Georgie's arm is b-broke. His legs h-h-have stitches."

"Can he walk?"

"I think." Stan came back from the room he was in. His head was

wrapped in white gauze.

"Are you okay?" Richie asked. Stan nodded.

"They accused me of being attacked by a big dog. They had to put stitches." Stan said. Richie made sure no one was looking and grabbed the boys hand. "Is Georgie okay?" Bill nodded.

"You guys don't have to stay." Bill mumbled, he stayed quiet.

"My mom will freak if I'm past curfew." Eddie said. He quickly kissed Bill's cheek. "I'll see you guys tomorrow at the spot."

"I'll go too." Stan said. Bill nodded as the boy kissed his forehead and walked out with Eddie. Beverly smiled.

"You guys are so cute." Beverly patted Richie and Bill's head. "Richie am I still staying the night with you?"

"Yeah." Richie pulled Bill down and kissed him. "I'll see you tomorrow big Bill." He winked at the taller boy walking out with the girl following. Bill sighed sitting back down, he didn't know if Georgie was coming home tonight. Eddie and Stan walked down the sidewalk together, they reached Eddie's house first.

"My mom will freak out if you come inside you know." Eddie said as they were standing outside the door. "I think she's mad that I called

her out on her bullshit earlier."

"If she does anything let me know." Stan said, the two hugging. "If you need a place to stay my mom loves you."

"Well I love your mom." Eddie cringed. "I sounded like Richie there."

"You know he talks like that because that's how he copes."

"I know." The door opened his mom standing there.

"Eddie come inside." She glared at Stan. "Let go of my son I don't need people thinking that my son is a faggot." Stan let go of Eddie looking at the ground.

"Mom go back inside."

"You come inside Eddie. You'll get sick."

"With what another bullshit disease."

"What have you been telling him?" She looked at Stan. Stan refused to look at her.



"Mom I'm gay."

"It's a phase. I'll make you an appointment with the doctor tomorrow. Maybe he can give you some medicine to fix your sickness."

"Mom listen to me." Stan knew Eddie was about to cry, he could tell with the way his voice shook. "I'm gay, I'm a faggot, I like boys. More importantly I like three boys." He grabbed Stan's hand. "I like this boy. I like Bill. I like Richie, even though I hate saying it. I don't like them I love them."

"You're sick."

"No mom I'm not. You are."

"Stanley I want you to leave me and my son alone. I don't want you to come back."

"Eddie I should-" Stan started.

"No, stay." Eddie smiled at him to tell him it was okay. He knew that if the boy was to leave his mom would do something and they would more than likely never see him again. "Mom I love Stan, and if you don't then that's your problem. I want them in my life and if you don't accept that then you don't deserve to be in mine." She looked down and Eddie thought that he had won.

"No son of mine is going to be a faggot. It's wrong, more important you're wrong. Don't worry though I will get you fix." She grabbed the boys shoulder and jerked him into the door frame. Stan grabbed Eddie's wrist.

"Mrs. K I love Eddie. Please I don't want to lose him." Eddie looked at Stan.

"Stan I don't want to go inside." Eddie told him, Stan could tell that Eddie knew she was planning something. He had an idea, but more than likely would get them both in a lot of trouble. He pulled Eddie and they both fell off the little porch.

"Eddie!" His mom let go of the door frame and lent towards them. Stan grabbed Eddie and pulled him up, the two took off running down the sidewalk.

"She'll get in the car and follow us." Eddie was already panting, he didn't run as much as he should. Mostly because his mom refused to let him do anything that could trigger an attack.

"I know keep running. When we get to my house my mom won't let her in." They reached Stan's house, after taking short cuts through yards, and ran in through the front door. "Mom!"

"Yes Stanley?" Stan's mom came from around the kitchen with a cup in her hand. "Oh Eddie's here would you like something to eat?"

"Mom. Eddie's mom is going to show up here. I need you to tell her we aren't here, just don't let her in."

"Alright. Go up to your fathers study. He's at work so he's busy."

## 4. Chapter 4

### Summary for the Chapter:

I gave Will the same powers as Eleven, she taught him how to use his. I don't know if they will show in this chapter yet or later.

### Hawkins Indiana

Karen was the first one up, she glanced at her husband who was still past out next to her. After they fought again yesterday they did what any toxic couple did and had makeup sex. She got dressed in her clothes going past Nancy's room. The girl was curled up on the bed with Steve wrapped around her. She glared at the two before shutting the door.

"It'll stop being so perfect soon." Karen mumbled. She went to check on Mike. Mike was holding El and Will in his arms. She rolled her eyes glaring at Will. He was the reason her son thinks he is 'bisexual'. Karen knew that there was only two sexuality's gay or straight and Mike was straight. There was no such thing as liking both genders, there was no such thing as liking more than one person. She closed his door going to the kitchen. The door bell rung after she started coffee, she went unlocking it before throwing it open. "Joyce what do I owe the pleasure too."

"My son, I don't want him here with you any longer." Joyce said, she walked inside. Hopper and Jonathan stood behind her. They stayed outside. Joyce knew where Mike's room was, when she would bring Will over as a kid that's where the two would stay. She opened the door, Karen stayed downstairs. El was sitting up in the bed and looked when the door opened up. "Is he asleep?" El nodded as the woman sat on the bed. She lent over shaking Will slightly. He

groaned and rolled over into El's side. "Will, honey we gotta go. Hopper is waiting out in the car and we got to go to the diner." Will rubbed his eyes sitting up.

"Alright mom."

"I'll be downstairs." Will got up and rolled over Mike landing on the floor. He stretched his arms out grabbing his school bag from the chair.

"I'll see you guys later." He kissed El's cheek then Mike's. "Tell him I said bye."

"I will." El said laying back down staring at Mike. Will walked out and shut the door quietly he got to the stairs. Joyce and Karen were yelling at each other but it was quiet enough for them not to wake up the whole house.

"Mom let's go." Jonathan said once seeing Will. He held out his arms for Will to run into. Hopper motioned for the two boys to go outside. Jonathan and Will got in the backseat watching Hopper lead Joyce out. He got in the driving seat as Joyce got in.

"I just don't understand how she could treat her own son like that." Joyce said. She looked back at Will. "Her and Ted didn't do anything to you did they?"

"No, Mike woke up from a nightmare last night and Mrs. Wheeler got

mad." Will said leaning into his brother. Jonathan put an arm around his brother's shoulders.

"What was it about?"

"I don't know he wouldn't say."

"Probably about them beating him." Hopper commented keeping his eyes on the road. He knew what an abuse victim looked like, Mike showed all the signs when Will went missing. The constant not wanting to be home alone, not talking to anyone, shutting himself down. He even showed up with a couple of bruises around his arm before when El first showed up, of course the boy said it was from bullies. Hopper knew the bullies were his parents though.

"What?" Will asked leaning forward, he didn't hear what he mumbled.

"Nothing kid." Joyce glanced at the man next to her. When Will went missing he was the only one to believe her after the fake body showed up. He helped her cope with the loss of her youngest son, hell he even went to the upside down to save him. When they found him and Hopper had to give him CPR, he didn't give up until the boy was breathing again. She smiled, he really cared about the kids in town. Especially the boys she helped raise.

"Mom, El and I are supposed to meet up today to find Mike a present. Is it okay?"

"Just be back before dark alright?" Joyce asked looking in the mirror back at him. She seen the boy nodded. They got to the restaurant where Hopper had been taking them all for breakfast everyday before he goes in or takes them to school. They walked in and to their normal table. The waitress already knew the order so brought in their drinks. She smiled at the girl, she seemed to glare at Jonathan as she placed his drink on the table. "Have problems with her Jonathan?"

"I wouldn't sleep with her at that party." Jonathan said. "She wanted to and when I told her that I was asexual she said I was a faggot."

"Don't say that."

"Kid, you and your brother can be whatever you want. If they don't understand that then that's them. You don't have to change yourself." Hopper said. Jonathan nodded slightly looking at his camera that was wrapped around his neck. He still loved photography after all it helped get his brother back. Will seemed to zone out after hearing Jonathan say that, Mike said that he called him that. He didn't understand why Mike would dream that. After the girl brought their food back she left. They ate in silence. After awhile Hopper had left to go work on a case, he took Jonathan and Joyce home. Will walked to the spot he was suppose to meet Eleven. He sat down and pulled out his art book, it was a new one that Mike had gotten him as soon as he was out of the hospital. El had gotten him a new set of pencils and colors. He smiled at the thought and started working on his latest project. He frowned when his hand just seemed to move on it's own. He flipped to a new page, like something had came over him and just started drawing.

**MIKE AND ELEVEN**

Eleven was staring at Mike the moment he woke up. Mike smiled at her kissing her forehead.

"Where's Will?" Mike asked once noticing the other boy was gone.

"His mom came." El said. "I'm meeting with him later."

"I wasn't invited." Mike made a pouty face. "Just kidding you guys have fun. I'll hang with Lucas and Dustin today."

"Okay."

"Mike! Eleven! Time for breakfast!" Nancy called. The two got off the bed and went downstairs. "Mom decided to take a shower, dad's still hung over."

"Is Holly still with our cousin?" Mike asked.

"Yeah." Nancy got out a plate and put waffles on it handing them to El, the girl still loved her waffles. Mike had waffles and bacon. Nancy had her hair tied up in a messy bun and Steve walked in shirtless. He hugged Nancy looking at the two sitting at the table.

"Where's the other?" Steve asked kissing Nancy's nape.



"Joyce came and got him this morning." El said.

"Your mom stood outside your door and watched me changed."

"Again?" Nancy asked turning around. "I think she's trying to steal you away from me."

"As if." The two kissed.

"You're gross." Mike said making a gagging sound.

"Ha ha." Nancy grabbed a cup and poured some coffee. "I gotta go home, my mom wanted to see me today." He kissed Nancy's head pulling on a shirt that was in his hands. "I'll see you guys later." He ran a hand through Mike's hair grabbing his keys. He left shutting the door. Mike was pushing his food around his plate.

"I'm going to go see Will now." El said hopping off the chair. She grabbed one of Mike's jackets that she always wore and left out the door. Nancy looked at Mike.

"What's wrong?" She sat in front of him. "Was it the dream you had last night?"

"Mom and dad, what happen's when they divorce each other." Mike looked down. "I'm not saying they are, but what if they do?"

"Then we will stay with mom until I turn eighteen. I'll move out and get custody over you and El. I'll be damned if you stay with dad or mom alone." Mike nodded. "Now get dressed and go meet with your friends."

"Can they still stay tonight?"

"If you all sleep in the basement. I don't want dad to try anything." Mike nodded going outside to his bike. He got on it and rode off to Dustin's house. He knew Lucas would be there. Nancy smiled watching her brother ride off. Eleven walked down the street, it felt off to her. She knew it like the back of her hand but she felt like something was wrong. As she was walking she felt like someone was standing behind her. She turned around bringing her hand up, no one was there. She brought her hand down and continued to walk.

"*Help me.*" Eleven stopped it sounded like a little boy. "*Please don't leave. Help me.*" She looked down at the sewer drain. There was movement inside.

"H-hello?" Eleven asked. She got on her knees looking in.

"*Please it's dark in here.*"

"How did you get in there?"

*"My boat fell in here. My brother made it for me, it's very special to me."*

"Do you have your boat?"

*"Yes but now I'm stuck."* A small hand reached out from the opening.  
*"Please help me."* Eleven grabbed his hand.

"Alright hang on." She pulled the boy slightly, she saw the boys yellow raincoat. "I got you." When the boy was about halfway out she noticed that he wasn't from around here. She never seen him before, then again she didn't know a lot of people. The boy seemed to be getting jerked back in.

*"Don't let him take me!"* Eleven held the boys arm. She could feel herself being pulled into the drain with him. She stuck out her hand trying to hold onto something to allow her to stay in place, it didn't work. She got pulled in and let out a short scream before it felt like she was falling. Everything was black but she could still see the opening of the drain. Her back hit the ground as the breath left her body. She closed her eyes, the last light disappeared.

## 5. Chapter 5

### Summary for the Chapter:

Warning for this chapter RAPE IS IN THIS CHAPTER.  
Dont want to read I will place a warning at the  
beginning and end so you can skip

### Derry Maine

Stan and Eddie sat behind his fathers desk. Eddie glanced around, he was never allowed in here when the man was actually home. He noticed the painting on the wall. Stan had his eyes closed, thinking.

"Is that her?" Eddie asked. When the boy opened his eyes he pointed at the painting.

"Yeah, her names Judith." Stan said looking away. "I just, I don't even know why I was scared of her."

"It's okay. She's gone now, he's gone now." The two stopped talking when Eddie's mom was heard from downstairs.

"Mrs. Kaspbrak I can assure you that your son isn't here!" Stan's mom shouted.

"Your son is a faggot Mrs. Uris! I don't want him anywhere near my Eddie!"

"Do not talk about my son like that in my house! Get out or I'll call the cops!"

"If you see Eddie, tell him to come home." They heard the door slam. Stan sighed hugging Eddie, they knew that Eddie's mom raised him weirdly. They knew that even though she never hit him she broke him emotionally and mentally. Richie had accused the woman of molesting Eddie, but Eddie never confirmed it or denied it. That's what scared them all the most, what if she had done something to him and he just never knew it was wrong because she had told him it was helping him? Bill had told Stan that on many occasions when they were hanging out she would make the boy kiss her, he would mention the look he would get on his face. Bill told him about how Eddie would rush them out of the house after that. When Richie would make jokes about Eddie's mom it was his way of coping with his own problems.

"Stanley, Eddie?" His mom opened the door. The two boys raised up. "Sorry you had to hear that. Eddie you're welcomed to stay here as long as you would like."

"I don't want to be a bother." Eddie said looking at the woman.

"You are never a bother. Come on honey let's get some food in the both of you. Stan you can explain what happened to your head sweetie." She lead the boys downstairs and into the kitchen.

**BEVERLY AND RICHIE**

Once Richie got to his house with the girl following he lead her to the back door. Beverly knew that Richie's parents would flip seeing the her in their house. Richie looked inside motioning her to come in. He looked in the living room going to the stairs. Beverly glanced in the room. A man, she could only assume was his father, was past out on the couch. The television showed static but judging by the beer bottles surrounding him, he wasn't watching. She looked into the opening of the kitchen the stove was making a flickering sound and a woman was sitting on the counter. Blood was running down her face as she chugged a bottle of what Beverly assumed was some type of alcohol. She followed Richie upstairs. He was pushing broken bottles and dirty clothes out of the middle of the hall wall.

"I told you not to expect much." Richie mumbled when he opened up a bedroom door. The room was the cleanest part of the whole house. He let her in before closing the door. "I have a separate bathroom than them here." He pointed to another door. "Sorry for the mess." He picked up a pile of clothes off the bed, she assumed they were clean as he threw them in the closet.

"What happened to your mom?" Beverly asked. They all have assumptions about what happened at Richie's house. They knew the rumors about Richie's mom being a prostitute and his dad selling drugs. They didn't know what to believe, Richie hated talking about his parents.

"Her and dad probably got in a fight again. She'll be fine." Richie grabbed some blankets. "I'll sleep on the floor."

"No, you can sleep with me on the bed. Don't try anything."

"I wont." There was a knock at the door. Beverly saw the boys wide

eyes, he grabbed her wrist pushing her in the bathroom. "Don't come out okay." She nodded. Richie sat on his bed as the woman stumbled in the room. She looked at the boy.

"Rich I made a mess." The woman said whining. Beverly thought she sounded like a little kid. She cracked the door open just a bit to make sure he was okay.

"Alright mom sit down in the floor." Richie said leading the woman over. She sat down, well more like she fell. Richie opened his desk drawer and pulled out a little box. He sat it on the bed before opening it up. He pulled out a rag and a bottle of clear liquid. Beverly didn't think it was water. He poured it on the rag whipping her face. The woman's hand went up grabbing his hair.

"That hurts." Richie's face scrunched and the woman stopped.

"Sorry." He cleaned her face until the once tan color rag was changed to a darker color. He grabbed a little package which Beverly guessed it was a cream to help with the small cuts. He covered the places that were once bleeding before grabbing a box of small bandages. He was placing them mainly on her forehead where it was cut up the most. "Is there anywhere else today?" Beverly noticed the way he was speaking, he has never used that tone of voice with any of them. She was surprised he could even talk like that. The woman sighed taking her shirt off, Beverly looked away tears collecting in her eyes. If his dad could do this to the woman he was suppose to love what does he do to Richie? Richie grabbed the rag again whipping the blood off of the woman's stomach. He moved to her back, Beverly just guessed that it was more cuts there. "Please stop provoking him. You're going to get killed."

"I can do what I want. You need to be more appreciative to your mother." The woman's tone was harsh. Beverly looked at the woman and then Richie. They looked nothing alike. Maybe he got his looks from his dad.

"I know I'm a sad excuse for a son."

"You're damn right you are." Richie grabbed a wrap, wrapping the woman's torso. She pulled her shirt back on. "If he wakes up tonight you're dealing with his needs."

"Mom we aren't done. Where else?" Beverly wondered how often this happened. Richie was acting normal and the woman seemed like she was still out of it. The woman stood up with Richie helping. She took her pants off, Beverly saw the burn marks all over her legs. She wondered if she done it herself or if his dad did. Richie grabbed the cream placing it softly on the spots. They were puffed up and red places were swelled up. When he was done he wrapped them up with a wrap and fastened it. "Please go to aunts for the summer."

"I would if I could afford it. Her and her husband has been having trouble so I doubt she would put me up." She grabbed her pants standing up. "I'm going to bed." She walked out slamming his door. Richie dropped to the ground, Beverly rushed out and hugged him. She noticed his flinch but she didn't let go. She heard him panting and saw the tears falling from his eyes.

"I'm sorry you have to see me this way."

"How long?" Beverly asked, she was surprised with how strict her



voice sounded.

"With my mom? Ever since I could talk I've been cleaning up my mom."

"No, the abuse."

"He would hit her since before I was born. After they adopted me things were okay for a while. Then when I was in preschool he started hitting me. I had to hide it from Bill and Eddie and Stan for the longest of time. They still don't know."

"Wait adopted?"

"I'm adopted."

"Who are your real parents?"

"My mom's sister. She had me and my twin, but she didn't want to keep one of us for some reason. I was the one she gave away."

"You have a twin? There are two Richie's?" Richie smiled a little.

"From what I heard he's the better one. Mom hates me and wishes she got him."

"What's his name?"

"She won't tell me. Her and dad said that if I knew I would run away."

"What did she mean take care of your dads needs?"

"I don't want to talk about it." Richie shut the conversation off after that.

"Wanna lay down?" Richie nodded. The girl got on the bed motioning for Richie to come lay in her arms. She rubbed a hand on the back of his neck, she knew it calmed him down. She noticed Stan and Bill do it to him whenever he got worked up. "Does the guys know?" Richie didn't response. "So a no. Are you going to telling them?" Still no answer. "So no."

"It's just. I'm a guy Beverly. This type of thing shouldn't happen to me. Why is it happening to me?"

"So you're saying it should only happen to women?"

"Shit no Beverly. It shouldn't happen to anyone. Abuse is something that shouldn't even exist. It doesn't matter the form it hurts and it fucks you up. I don't want people knowing because then they'll think they have to protect me constantly. I can take care of myself, I've

been doing it long enough."

"Richie you're a great guy. You need to let someone know."

"You know."

"But I'm leaving."

"That's okay. They don't understand. Pennywise that guy he turned into, it was your dad wasn't it?"

"Yeah. He hurt me too."

"I know, we all did. Bill told us about your dad being found dead. We all placed it together, even before that."

"Thanks." Things got quiet. "Let's go to sleep." It wasn't long until Richie was woken up to a thumping sound. He popped up out of the bed, he removed Beverly's arm but she woke up. "What's wrong?"

"Just- just stay up here please?"

"Alright." She rubbed her eyes, she didn't know what was going on. Richie went downstairs seeing his dad laying on the ground.

"Rich is that you?" The mans voice was laced with a slurring sound. He knew he could ignore his dad, but then his mom or him would just be hurt worse.

"Yeah it's me." He mumbled.

**(THE WARNING STARTS HERE SKIP IF YOU DON'T WANT TO READ)**

"Come help daddy up." Richie took a deep breath going over to the man helping him up. The man stumbled a little. "I wanna go upstairs." Richie nodded he had to practically drag the man. He only made it to the back of the couch when the man pushed his against the back. He grabbed Richie's head pushing it down. "Shh, let daddy have this." Richie could feel him pressing into him. His glasses slid lower on his nose as the man pushed against him. He didn't dare to move, he knew it was best to just wait it out. He felt the mans hands slid up to his waste and slowly grabbed the sides of his shorts. "Stay quiet so we don't wake up mommy." Richie felt cool air hit his skin as he shorts were dropping around his ankles. He closed his eyes hoping that Beverly listened to him. She didn't need to see this. "Did you bring any of your friends home tonight?" He grabbed the boys leg and pushed it up holding it against the couch. His other hand was sliding down Richie's lower back.

"No."

"That's a shame. I really liked that one boy what was his name?"

"Fuck you." Richie bit his lip as he felt his father enter him slowly.

"I'm sorry what was that?"

"I won't say his name." He felt dirty even talking, this was his dad. He let his dad do these things to him. Why? Why he couldn't even remember. The first time his father had touched him he cried to his mom. She told him it was normal for a father to do and he should just let his dad do whatever he wanted to him. When he stayed with Bill the first time he noticed that Bill's dad had never touched him the way his father touched him. He knew it was wrong then. He let his tears fall when he felt the man begin to move. He couldn't even think about protecting his mom while she let these things happen to him. The second time he knew something was wrong was when Bill had stayed the night with him. Both boys were asleep on his bed when his dad came in. He tried touching Bill but when Richie woke up he stopped him. That was when they were in third grade, it was the first time his dad had raped him. He did it in his bedroom and threatened him with Bill. He swore he would do the same thing to Bill if Richie ever made a sound. So every time he was with any of his friend and his dad saw he would give Richie these looks. Then he would look at his friends. Richie let a small cry slip from his lips at the thought of his dad hurting any of his friends.

"Shh, it's okay. Daddy's gotcha." Richie felt like he was being suffocated when the mans arms wrapped around his shoulders. His leg fell to the ground as the man pushed into him harder. "It'll be okay." He started sobbing, he couldn't help it. He didn't care if Beverly came downstairs, he just wanted it to end. Hands grabbed his hips pulling him back as he felt his fathers load shoot into him. The man pulled out laying against Richie's back. Richie felt the liquid leaking out of him. He didn't know whether it was blood or cum but either way he still wanted it out of him.

**(CONTINUE READING IF YOU HAD SKIPPED)**

Richie felt the man sliding off of him and hit the ground. He stayed propped against the couch laying his head to the side. He looked over at the stairs with his eyes closed. When he opened them he saw Beverly standing there with her mouth covered.

"Shit Beverly, I said stay upstairs." Richie let go of the couch but felt himself hit the floor. Beverly ran over to him trying to hug him, he pushed her away.

"I heard talking and crying. I got worried." She tried to grab him again.

"Just don't touch me. Not right now."

"Why didn't you tell me he does this?" Richie took his glasses off rubbing his eyes.

"Because I a boy Beverly. A boy whose father rapes him." He finally stopped fighting her as she hugged him.

"My dad raped me."

"I know." She knew the boy had to get cleaned, she also knew he wouldn't let her at least help in some way.

"I'm gonna help you pull your shorts up okay?" Richie nodded as she helped him up, he leaned against the couch. She grabbed the hem of the shorts pulling them up, she made sure to keep eye contact so he wouldn't get uncomfortable. "Let's go upstairs." She wrapped his arms around her neck and slowly walked around his dad. She couldn't help turning around and kicking his side. She went as slow as Richie needed. When they finally got to his room she opened his bathroom door and helped him to the side of the tub. "If you need help let me know."

"My mom usually helps me, can you please help? Don't tell anyone about this though."

"I won't." She let Richie run some water as she found a pair of clothes for him to change into. She grabbed the shampoo and soap from the sink counter and walked over. She laid his clothes on the toilet lid and grabbed a towel laying it on top. To anyone else it would look like the two had done stuff together before, but in reality it wasn't like that. Beverly knew what it was like to be violated by a man who was supposed to love and care for you. She also wished she had, had someone help her whenever it happened to her. She knew Richie needed someone there for him. When Richie had gotten himself cleaned out, Beverly helped wash him off. She helped him get dressed before going to his bed. He sat down moving back, Beverly locked his door so if his dad woke up. "Please don't leave."

"I won't."

## 6. Chapter 6

### Hawkins Indiana

Will's hand stopped suddenly. He looked around forgetting where he was at. He sighed realizing it was late and El still wasn't there. He thought that maybe she had forgotten. He knew she was forgetful at times. He looked down at his sketchbook dropping it. He had never drew something like this before, it was terrifying. He didn't even know where the image had come from. He heard a horn honk and looked up not seeing anyone around him. He glanced back down at the drawing. (let me know if the picture isn't working)



He closed his book putting it beside him. He placed his chin on his hands looking around. It was really late, Eleven should've been there by now. He got up and grabbed all of his stuff walking down the street. He didn't even see the red balloon tied to the sewer drain. Mike, Lucas, and Dustin sat around looking at comic books. Mike



wondered how El and Will was doing on their date. The door bell rung from downstairs.

"Dustin your other little friend is here!" Dustin's mom called.

"Will and El are here?" Lucas asked the boy. Mike shrugged. The bedroom door opened with Will coming in.

"Hi Will! Where's Eleven?" Dustin asked.

"I thought she was with you guys?" Will asked. "She never came by the tree."

"Maybe she went to Hopper?" Lucas asked, he noticed Mike about to freak out.

"Hopper had a case to work on." Mike stood up.

"Maybe she got taken again?" Mike asked. "Maybe she's lost in the woods?"

"Mike, buddy calm down. I'm sure she's okay." Dustin said patting his back.

"What if she's not?"

"Then we will tell Hopper tomorrow." Lucas said. Will looked like he was about to cry.

"It's my fault." Will wiped his eyes. "If I didn't plan to meet up she would've stayed home."

"It's not your fault." Mike opened his arms for Will to come to him. He rubbed the boys head.

"You guys still up for staying the night?" Mike asked.

"Of course." They grabbed their bags and walked out the door. They got on their bikes. Will stood on the back of Mike's. Riding down the road was pretty quiet for them all. Mike noticed Dustin kept looking around like someone was going to jump out at them. Nancy and Jonathan were sitting on the porch talking when the boys rode up. Will looked at his brother noticing he had a black eye.

"Jonathan what happened?" Will asked going to his brother.

"It's nothing, got in a fight." Jonathan said as the boys got on the porch.

"Jonathan Byers getting in a fight no way." Lucas said smirking when he got beside him.

"He got jumped." Nancy corrected. "A girl from school set it up."

"I said not to tell my brother that." Jonathan jerked his head to Will.

"Hey you told Mike about me and Steve before we were even dating."

"That was different."

"Have you seen El?" Mike asked. "She was suppose to meet Will, but never showed up."

"Maybe she's with Hopper?" Nancy suggested.

"No she's not." Jonathan said. "I was at the house before I got jumped. She wasn't there."

"Maybe she'll show up tonight." Nancy looked down the road. "Shit. Mike take them downstairs before mom and dad pull in." Mike nodded grabbing Will's hand. Lucas and Dustin followed. They got down to the basement closing the door.

"Have your parents still been fighting?" Lucas asked.

"Yeah." Mike said. "They haven't gotten better."

"Well let's do something." Dustin said. He walked over pulling a board game from a shelf. "Let's play this until Eleven gets here." After a couple hours of playing the girl never showed up they laid down for the night. Mike was the first asleep, he was so stressed he couldn't even think. Dustin was next. Lucas looked at Will who was staring out the window.

"She'll be here tomorrow." Lucas said before laying down. "If not we will all go out and look for her." He closed his eyes and fell asleep. Will sighed. He laid down next to Mike and closed his eyes. Not even a minute later his eyes popped open, he felt like he was drowning. He looked around seeing he was on the ground. He raised up seeing two boys hugging, he looked around. He didn't even know where he was at, he stood up but felt like he was stuck in place. He couldn't raise his leg. A woman came outside. He didn't know who these boys were, their faces were blurry. The only word he heard was '*fag*' flying around. He had no idea what they were talking about, but then suddenly one of the faces cleared. The woman had grabbed the smaller one on the shoulder. He looked scared, Will knew the feeling. His lips were moving but Will heard nothing. The other boy had his wrist not letting go. He had never seen the boy before and could only assume he never seen the woman or the other. This place didn't even look familiar. He snapped out of his thoughts seeing the two run down the road. The woman went inside and came out getting in the car. Will tried to move but he couldn't. Suddenly a gust of wind jerked him from his spot, it was so strong he couldn't breathe.

"*Hiya Eddie!*" A voice came from behind him. It was surrounding him like he was wearing headphones. "*Bet you thought I couldn't find you huh? Well I found ya!*" When the wind stopped he looking around, he was in a house.

"Hello! Hello, I'm not Eddie. My name's Will? Is someone there?" He

looked around before the floor collapsed around him. His back hit the table first and his arm hurt. It felt like it was broken. He looked down it was twisted in a weird way and was bending at an awkward angle. He looked around when a fridge door opened. An arm popped out. When the door slung open. A clown, the one from his drawing, was there. It got out and twisted up. He felt his body move, but he wasn't doing it. It moved on it's own. He felt his back press against the wall behind him. The clown looked at him jumping at him. He heard a voice, it wasn't his own. It was someone else's. The clown's lips moved but he didn't hear anything. He moved his good arm when it had grabbed him. It acted like he was going to bite his arm but kept jerking it away. Two people had ran into the room. The clown had put a hand on his face but he could see between the fingers. He seen an outline of two boys. One was a tall looking boy, not as tall as his brother but still. The other reminded him of someone. The fuzziness went away when the clown launched at the other two. He seen a girl step in from no where stabbing the thing in the head. The two boys ran to him. The clown looking at him with the spike in it's head. It did a little bow before backing away into a room.

*"Don't worry Eddie. We will get you help."* A voice said, it was a boys voice. It sounded like home to him. He was lifted to his feet and was met with sunlight. A woman grabbed him and threw him in a car. He looked out it was a group of kids standing there. They tried talking to the woman but he didn't hear any of it, he looked forward wondering what was happening. Right when the woman got in the car it shifted into the clown.

*"Don't worry Eddie I'll take good care of you. We all float, and you will too."*

"I don't want to float." Will finally said, it was his voice. He was finally back in control. "I'm not Eddie."

*"Richie tired the same thing too, but it won't work on good old Pennywise."* The clown jumped forward its jaws unhinging. Suddenly his mouth was clamped around Will's head. He felt the teeth sinking into his neck. He felt the pulling of his skin. He screamed whenever he felt the clown jerk his arm and he felt the blood. His body covered in blood and before Will knew it his head had come clean off his body. Will watched the attack like it was some movie. He watched the clown swallow his head after tearing it off, he watched it wave his torn off arm around as blood covered the car windows. The kids outside seemed to have disappeared out of no where. Will felt himself being shook. Hands were all over him, he screamed again.

"Will! Will!" It was Mike. His voice sounded close, but like he was far away.

"Come on buddy wake up." It was Lucas. Will tried to force his eyes open but they wouldn't move. Suddenly his head was covered in something wet, his eyes popped open and he was back in Mike's basement. He looked around frantically pushing Mike and Lucas away from him. He tried to get away but Mike held him in place holding his head against his shoulder.

"It's okay Will. I have you. Calm down, I have you." Mike's voice calmed him, but only some. He still looked around not knowing what had happened. He saw Dustin holding an empty bottle of water.

"Are you okay? I didn't mean too." Dustin said sitting down in front of them.

"Did you dream about the upside down again?" Lucas asked. Will shook his head, it felt worse than that. Sure the demogorgan was scary, but that thing it- it was different. It was scary, but it felt

different than the upside down.

"I don't want to talk about it." Will said as Mike rocked them. He felt safe in Mike's arms. He would feel even safer if El was there though. Her powers had put him to ease. Especially since that's how she found him. Mike kissed the side of his head.

"Can you still sleep?" Dustin asked.

"I feel exhausted." Will laid down.

"You don't have too." Mike said. "We can stay up."

"I'm tired." Will pulled him down. "Just lay down with me, please don't leave." Mike laid down. Dustin and Lucas did too. They all knew that once he got back and when they had stayed together his anxiety gotten worse. He always had to have them near him so he knew he wasn't going to disappear. He closed his eyes hiding it in Mike's chest.

*"Soon Eddie you will all float too."* Will covered his ears to drowned out that stupid laughter. What none of them noticed was that Will's sketch book was now opened. It was propped up like it was watching them a balloon was now on the page along with a real one tied behind it.

## 7. Chapter 7

### Derry Maine

The next morning was eventful to say the least for Richie and Beverly. For starters his father had tried getting into his room this morning, when Richie refused to unlock it his dad made a threat that if he said anything to anyone then he would hurt Bill and the others. Beverly looked at Richie and he said he would explain on the way to her house. They had to sneak out through his window. Beverly instantly reached for his hand the moment they walked down the sidewalk to her house.

"What are you going to do?" Beverly asked moving her hair from her face.

"I'll probably stay with big Bill tonight." Richie said pushing his glasses up. "You promise not to mention any of this to the guys?"

"I wont but I wish you would."

"Not now. Not after what happened."

"What did your dad mean when he mentioned Bill's name?" Richie didn't talk, he stopped walking. They were at the meeting point for the others anyways. "Has he hurt them before?"



"No, when we were kids. Bill had stayed the night with me, dad tried to molest him. I woke up early enough before he could. That was the first time he done that to me. Bill was asleep when he done it, if he would've woke up he would've seen it. Dad told me that if anyone found out he would do the same to them." He seen Eddie and Stan walking up together, both holding hands. He noticed they kept looking around. "I would die if it meant keeping everyone safe." Bill was coming down the other way, Georgie was on his back talking away.

"H-hey guys." Bill smiled when they all got together. "G-G-Georgie wanted to come to-today."

"That's fine." Beverly smiled. "Hi Georgie, I'm Beverly."

"Hi Beverly." Georgie said, he buried his face in Bill's neck.

"Aw he's shy." Richie smiled poking the boy in the side. The younger one started laughing. He reached for Richie to get him, which he did. Richie, as small as he was, could barely hold him. He managed to hold the boy on his hip though.

"I told Mike and Ben they could wait for us outside." Beverly said. They started walking, she was worried that Richie would hurt himself. She still smiled at them all. Bill and Stan walked next to the girl. Eddie was cheering Georgie up about his broken arm by showing him his. Stan looked around.

"So why wasn't E-Eddie home la-last night?" Bill asked. He knew that if Eddie was home then he would've been walking with him.

"When we got to his house his mom started calling us a bunch of name." Stan said glancing back at them. "Eddie told her about him, about us. He said he loved us. She said he was sick and was going to take him to the doctors. She said that he needed to be put on a lot of medicine."

"He came out?" Beverly asked. "Is he okay?"

"S-she tried to grab him and I panic and grabbed him back. He looked at me, and Eddie doesn't cry, and he was about to cry. He told me he didn't want to go inside. I knew that if he did go in something would've happened."

"He never said." Bill stopped himself. He knew that they knew what he was talking about.

"I'm scared to ask." Stan reached for Beverly's hand. "What happened at Richie's house last night? He's not as himself as normal."

"I-I want to tell you so bad. I can't. It's not my place, and if I tell you then he would hate me. He needs to tell you himself."

"I'm w--worried." Bill said. Beverly sighed as they reached her house. Ben and Mike were sitting outside. The two were talking about something. They seen their friends walking up and stood up.

"The door was wide open." Mike said as he grabbed the handle.

"I did that." Bill rubbed his neck. Beverly walked in, they all looked around. Ben noticed the table that was broke and the stuff laying around the floor.

"Did he?" Ben asked looking at the girl. Beverly shook her head.

"No, he tired. I hide in the bathroom and smashed the lid cover on his head. That was before I was taken." Beverly lead them to her room. They each grabbed a bag and helped her pack up. She packed her lady things while the guys packed her covers and the pillows. Mike kept looking up at the bloody writing on the wall. "I don't think the next owner would see it."

"I'll clean it." Richie said. He walked to the bathroom filling up the bucket with water. He looked in the mirror seeing himself, he sighed and looked down. When he looked up again it was no longer him. Well it was, but his glasses where gone. It was staring back at him, his hair was less curly. Both figures touched their faces when a voice from the other side of the mirror called him, his mirror self.

"Richie?" Eddie asked coming from the bedroom. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah. Just couldn't stop staring at my sexy face." He winked grabbing the water bucket. He carried it into Beverly's bedroom. Mike helped him wash the blood off the walls. Once everything was cleaned up and the boys each had a bag, they headed out. Ben's mom drove them to the bus stop, they all were waiting for Beverly to get on her bus.

"Don't forget about us." Ben said hugging the girl. "And make sure you call everyday, well not everyday."

"Alright Ben I will." Beverly hugged the boy. "I'll call you guys when I get there. Take care everyone." She hugged each boy as they loaded her stuff on the bus. "I love you guys."

"We love you." She smiled one last time before getting on the bus. It seemed like she was the only one on the bus. As it took off down the road, they smiled sadly.

"So that's one loser down." Richie said. "Who's next?"

"No one is next Richie." Eddie said elbowing the boy. Mike caught the way the boy had flinched when Eddie hit his side, he wondered what it was about. Then again it was Richie so more than likely it was nothing. Ben poked Mike and looked at him.

"I think it's time Mike and I leave." Ben said. "My mom is meeting his grandfather today."

"You came out to your mom?" Stan asked.

"She guessed it, but she's very supportive."

"I-I-I haven't told my m-mom." Bill said, Georgie was on his back looking at them. He knew that his brother was bisexual and was dating the other three boys and he didn't care. As long as his brother was happy, he was happy. Plus Georgie loved Richie.

"My parents knows." Stan said. "Mom is okay with it, dad doesn't understand but he doesn't judge. At least not to my face anyways."

"My mom knows." Eddie told them. "I didn't mean to tell her it just slipped out. I'm avoiding going home as long as I can."

"Speaking of avoiding home." Richie said rubbing the back of his neck. "Bill you mind if I stay with you? They found Beverly in the house last night and dad got mad."

"U-um I need to a-ask my mom." Bill looked back at Georgie.

"You can stay with me." Stan told him, the group was already walking. "Eddie is until things blow over at home. Bill you can stay the night too."

"Can I come?" Georgie asked. "I wont be a problem."

"I don't see why not." Georgie was walking now beside Richie, Ben and Mike had already took off. "Just we can't be too loud or dad will get mad."

"Oh too loud huh? What'd you have in mind?" Richie asked winking.

Bill covered Georgie's ears and Stan rolled his eyes. Eddie hit him in the side. "I'm joking of course."

"Don't talk like that." Eddie said. The boys made it to Bill's house. The garage door was open and his dad's car was in the driveway.

"Hey dad." Georgie called. The man raised up from his spot by the desk.

"Hey Georgie, Bill." The man rubbed the younger's head. "Your mom almost has dinner ready. Say goodbye to your friends until after Bill."

"A-actually d-d-dad." Bill started, he stopped. The man looked back at him, he saw the way the boys were all standing a little too close to his son. "The guys w-were staying t-t-the night w-with St-Stan." His dad done a motion for him to stop talking. Richie wanted to reach out and touch Bill, but he knew the boys dad would flip. Georgie was standing next Eddie, the older reached down grabbing his hand. He had a bad feeling about his dad every time they were around him. It felt like he was back with his mom.

"Bill I can not stand you talking. I can't even understand you. How do they?" He rolled his eyes. Bill looked at his feet. Stan grabbed the back of his shirt so he wouldn't feel like they weren't there. "I honestly don't care where you go or what you do, but your brother is staying here. I don't want whatever this," he motioned at the boys, "is affecting him too."

"B-but I wanna go with Billy." Georgie said grabbing his brothers shirt.

"Don't fucking stutter you aren't him. Your staying here tonight Georgie and that's that." He walked inside. Georgie looked at Bill.

"I don't wanna stay home alone."

"I-I'll stay." Bill said. "Y-You guys should g-go."

"We'll be at the park until night." Stan said.

"Meet us there if you can." Eddie told him. Richie ran a hand through Georgie's hair. Bill nodded taking Georgie's hand.

"I w-will." The brothers headed inside. Stan and Eddie turned around first walking off.

"Are you coming Richie?" Eddie reached a hand out. Richie grabbed it before smiling.

"Not yet, but later I will be."

"You're embarrassing."

"Then let go of my hand." Eddie looked down at their hands before looking in front of him.

"No." Stan smiled as they headed to the park. The two boys argued back and forth the whole way there. He wouldn't change a single thing about them.

## **10. Update on story!**

### **Summary for the Chapter:**

update on story details

it's been awhile since i last posted anything and I want to apologize. I got extremely sick a couple of year ago and was hospitalized to the point I had to drop out of school. I've been in and out of hospitals since 2017 and haven't had much time. thankfully i've been able to do more lately so I'm starting to redo all my stories, starting with this one! many people expressed their like for the book which surprised me considering i am not the best writer. i hope you stay until I start posting the new updates!



## **11. update**

The new story is out please go to my account to check it out!